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## THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1855.

The Editors of THE CRAYON would not have it understood that they endorse the extracts they make from books or papers in all cases. The opinions of men are often given as matter of interest, although THE CRAYON might dissent entirely from them.

In order to distinguish between the communications by artists and those non-artistic, the former will, hereafter, in all cases, be signed in black letter, the latter, as usual, in Roman capitals.

MRS. M. A. DENNISON is authorized to obtain subscribers for THE CRAYON.

## Sketchings.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MARTIN'S HOTEL, Lower Saranac, Oct. 11th.

I HAVE been flying indeed since my last. As I promised, we started in the forenoon of my last date, for Raquette Lake. What they call a turnpike would hardly pass for a by-road anywhere else—a single wagon track through the dense forest, apparently not travelled over often than once in a fortnight. Steve borrowed from Mr. Palmer a double-barrelled fowling-piece, a kind of arm which he despised, but which he must use in default of the better rifle. We received our directions to follow the turnpike as far as the outlet of Raquette Lake, where we should find a wood-path which would carry us along the shore of the lake to a point opposite the cabin of one of the settlers, where we could attract attention by firing, and get a boat to cross. It was added, in case we should not succeed in attracting the attention of the folks, that we might go on still further, and find a house on the same side of the lake on which we were; but, in order to do so, we must pass a large stream, known as Bowlder Brook. This, we were further informed, could be best done by wading around the mouth of it, on the bar which was formed by its deposits, and the water would be scarcely above our middles!

The day was at last clear and sunny, and the walk through the forest was delightful. It was six miles to the outlet of the lake, and four miles to the mouth of Bowlder Brook, miles not easily traversed on the road, rough and muddy, but we reached the lake without incident, save the occasional examination of a deer's track in the wet ground, and sat down with our backs against a large fir to rest and eat the lunch with which we had been provided by Mrs. Palmer, consisting of sundry buttered biscuits and cakes. There was only a small portion of the lake visible from where we were, a bay bent around so as to seem like a little pond merely. The remaining four miles were hard walking. The path had been chopped out, but not yet cleared, and between climbing and struggling we were scarcely able to make two miles an hour for part of the way. We finally came to what we deemed Bowlder Brook, though we could see no stream, only an impenetrable alder swamp, running back from the lake, which we could see in glimpses at our right. The lake was high, and the water in the swamp knee-deep, so we fol-

lowed the dry land, as far as it was dry, toward the shore of the lake, when by a little diverging and wading, we got outside of the fringe of firs and alders which lined the shore, and finding an immense log lying in the water, we climbed out on it, and sat down in the sun. This lake is monotonous and uninteresting in its general appearance compared with the others. It is more irregular in its shape, but the mountains lie too far back from the shore, and are not so high as those around either of the lakes we had visited previously. On a point of land, which seemed like an island, opposite us, and at least two miles off, was a clearing. This was Beach's Point, named after a trapper who settled there many years ago. Steve fired three charges, but the wind was fresh from the point, and the sound did not reach there. I took out my sketch-book and commenced a drawing, while Steve, loading again with double charges of powder, fired three times more, and shortly afterwards a boat put off, to our great satisfaction, since the alternatives of wading round the brook, or going back to Palmer's that night, were neither of them pleasant, particularly as we were both very tired.

By the time I had finished my sketch the boat came up—a little bit of a thing built of cedar split into boards, not at all graceful or steady. Still it served to carry us over to the clearing, on which, as we arrived, we found a comfortable house, with cattle grazing around, and an enclosure in which a few flowers and some vegetables were growing. There were tomatoes not yet ripe, beets, cabbage, &c., &c., and in the field outside, a scattered growth of turnips of immense size. I pulled up one, a flat, white turnip of the common kind, which measured 2½ inches round, and weighed five pounds, and they told me I should have found larger by looking further. The luxuriance of the soil seemed wonderful—the "herd's grass" stood, on the shore of the lake where the clearing was old, six feet high. The inhabitants of the house were, Mr. Beach, before mentioned, a man in the neighborhood of four score years of age, but vigorous, and looking to be not above sixty; Mr. Hough, a farmer, who kept Mr. B.'s farm, and with whom the latter lived, and Mr. H.'s family. Mr. Beach has lived here seventeen years, and was with Mr. Wood, a companion trapper, a pioneer in this country. The rude cabin which he first built has grown gradually into a comfortable house, with fifty or sixty acres of land in tolerable cultivation. He is a man of very interesting character, the noblest example of the backwoodsman I have ever seen, simple and pure in feeling as a child. He was a volunteer at the battle of Plattsburg, and I drew him into some narrations, the bloody character of which contrasted strangely with his quiet and gentle deportment. There was none of the roughness and coarseness we connect with men in such a sphere, and we would scarcely imagine he could ever have been a hunter, much less a soldier. To get some idea of the amount of work he had done at Plattsburg, I asked him how many shots he had fired

that day. "About eighty," he replied. "Do you suppose they all hit?" said I. "Well," he said, "I don't fire at random much. I don't know as I killed any body, but there was one fellow I think I hurt. We were in ambush, and two of us skulked down to the river to get a drink. I heard a gun across the river, and supposing some one had fired at me, I peeked through the bushes, and by-and-by saw a red-coat look out and take aim at some Americans up the river, when I pulled trigger on him. He just tipped forward, and didn't fire any more, I guess." I asked him how far off he was? "About forty rods," he answered. "I suppose," I added, "you would hardly throw a ball away at that distance." "No, I knew pretty well where the shot took him. I don't think I should miss a bird at that distance. Why," he rejoined, "they would come down a thousand strong to ford the river, and we would lie still in the bushes until they got nearly across before we would fire, and you may be sure we hit somewhere every shot. There wouldn't half of them get back, and they never got across unless as prisoners, except once for a little while, when they stole a march on us."

Mr. Beach lives here quietly, contentedly, without a wish-beyond Raquette Lake, caring nothing for, and knowing nothing of, the affairs of the world. He didn't ask me for the news from Sebastopol. He had a noble hound, a grave, deep-eyed, long-eared creature, who lay on the ground, and submitted in dignity to the insolent approaches of a smaller hound of the breed common in the country. It was the finest specimen of the English blood-hound I had ever seen in America, and his excellence as a hunter justified the nobility of his air.

Steve took a boat and went to visit somebody living somewhere on the lake—a family of whose mother he said, when he came back, that "she was black enough to catch birds in daylight." I spent the rest of the afternoon in hearing yarns, for I did not care to explore the lake further. On the next morning Mr. Hough brought us down to the outlet of the lake, and we walked leisurely back towards Palmer's. An incident occurred on the way, which illustrates the feeling of a hunter perfectly. Steve, I have said, is a man of gentle and childlike feeling, incapable of deliberately painning any one, and invariably befriended the weak at whatever risk to himself, and yet I could never move him to pity an animal of a lower genus than the homo. On this walk we passed a tree on which a wood-pecker was tapping, and running up and down in his brisk little way. Steve stopped to fire at him. I begged for his life, said everything I could to dissuade him from firing, except to order him not to do so, which I did not like to venture on, without any effect. He shot the bird while I besought. Yet if I had dropped my watch in twenty feet of water, he would have gone down for it for me on that October day without any hesitation.

We reached Palmer's in the afternoon, and the sky, already overcast, dissuaded us from starting down the lake. We could only go six

or eight miles that day, and concluded to wait for an early start next morning. After supper we sat talking by the fire, when we heard a moaning up the lake, which I knew at once to be the sound of a tornado. I ran to the door in hopes to see something of it, even in the cloudy twilight. The wind drew nearer and roared louder, and then I could hear the sound of breaking trees. It swept through the pines in front of the house, and then came the big rain drops far aslant. I dodged into a corner and waited, but no tornado came near me. It passed far to the west, we feeling the influence of the edge of it only, but it sounded grandly in the silence and darkness. On the next morning it rained, and blew down the lake so that the white caps were breaking all over it. We pulled away after breakfast, and landing on a small island, cut a quantity of boughs which we placed in the row-locks, and along the side of the boat, to catch the wind, and thus we flew down. It was to be a hard day's work, and fortunately down stream. Through Long Lake, down the Raquette, up Stony Creek, and then through the Saranac lakes, with three carrying-places of three miles aggregate length, the whole ground being nearly sixty miles. We rowed alternately, and reached Bartlett's by 5 P. M. There were still twelve miles, but they were mostly open lake sailing, and we were in no hurry to leave.

Steve here picked up a passenger, a Raquette man, who was waiting to get a passage down. He was pretty jolly, and as Steve would take nothing for his ride but some assistance in rowing, he felt generous, and got a bottle of whiskey to drink on the way down. He had already, unknown to us, drank inordinately, and when we reached the falls, and the oars were given to him, we found our mistake. The boat was heavily loaded, and would tip easily, so that we must step with the utmost care, and sit as prim as possible. Our new man began to feel merry and reckless, to sing and beat time with his feet; then, laying down the oars, with his hands, and then called for more whiskey. Steve passed him the bottle, on condition he would not drink again until we had reached the foot of the lake. To make sure of it, I dropped the bottle overboard as I handed it back to Steve. But the liquor had only begun to work. He grew drunker and more drunk, rolled and swayed about, and would not row at all except at long intervals, when he would catch up the oars with a convulsive effort, and row furiously for two or three minutes, and then relax again into apathy. Then bursting out into some drinking song, he would swing and roll about again, until we were in bodily fear of upsetting. We could do nothing to get him out of the way; it was unsafe to stand up; it was unsafe to knock him in the head, or I would have done so, and put him under my feet; and meanwhile we were making no progress. It was exciting in the extreme, and a more fearful ride than I ever before took. I finally assumed the commanding, since Steve, being in the stern, could do nothing in the case, and ordered him to row, or I would

tip him overboard. He was a coward even in his cups, and obeyed, but could not pull the oars. I took hold of them on the other side, and guided them, pushing at the same time; and so slowly we got along, reaching here at 10 P. M., hungry, weary, and cold.

W. J. S.

#### THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.

As all matters connected with the Art world are fit subjects for our consideration, we cannot avoid analysing the prospectus of an "institution," bearing the name of the "Cosmopolitan Art Association," and located, we believe, in the city of Sandusky, Ohio. The object of this association is "the encouragement and general diffusion of Literature and the Fine Arts," the diffusion "of the best Literature" being effected by a distribution of the "various monthly Magazines." This is all well enough in its way, as there is no deception practised in giving for Literature what is promised, but we cannot endorse its "general diffusion of the Fine Arts;" and in this branch of its purposes we have something to say. We are informed that:

"The Managers have determined that all which energy and industry can do, combined with judicious and liberal expenditure, shall be done, in advancing the true interest of Art in the United States."

The prospectus of the second year says:

"That arrangements for the Second Annual Collection of Works of Art has been made on the most extensive scale. Works of American Art, and the encouragement of American artists, have not been overlooked. Commissions have been issued to many distinguished American artists, and a special agent has visited the great Art Repositories of Europe to make careful selections of choice paintings, bronze and marble statuary, &c., &c."

In conformity with this, the catalogue begins by announcing that, "the Genoa Crucifix" is one of the attractions, together with two busts, by Powers. Then follows a descriptive catalogue of other works to be "distributed or allotted" to the subscribers, illustrated by an unusual number of bad wood-engravings, which, bad as they are, are useful, as they enable us to perceive the quality of its Art treasures. We presume, the great card of the association to be "the Genoa Crucifix." We have seen the Crucifix, and know something of its history. It was brought to this country years ago, by or under the auspices of C. Edwards Lester, and was exhibited in this city, accompanied by an absurd story, in which were related the miraculous circumstances attending its execution, by an ignorant monk. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the absurdity of the story was so apparent upon the face of it, it needed no denial. As a work of Art, which concerns us more particularly, at this time, it ranks as an ordinary production, and is, doubtless, by an artist of tolerable experience. There is nothing striking about its anatomy, which, on the contrary, is rather common-place; and there is but little to admire in its execution beyond that which belongs to the common run

of mechanical art. The figure is made out of a big piece of ivory, and is merely a curiosity, nothing more. So much for the Crucifix. Next are the bronzes, numbering twenty-two pieces, representing a lot of clocks and mantel-piece subjects too numerous to mention—Neptunes, Nymphs, Innocences, Dancing-girls, &c. This material for distribution, we take it, is that described as the "work of Italian and French artists," procured by the "special agent," sent to visit and purchase from "the great Art repositories of Europe." If the bronzes do not answer for the class of works designated by this phrase, we do not see what there can be on the catalogue that does. Perhaps, however, the paintings may be the result of a special agent's visit to Europe. Let us see. We find upon the catalogue a French name, and this name occurs thirty-one times; but the artist we know to be a resident of this city, so his productions came from no "European Art Repository." Let us continue. There are one or two Belgian, and three or four French and German names, "unknown to fame," and, is it possible! must we at last confess that "the agent" did go to Europe—for one *Clauide*, two *Lorraines*, and nine *Le Bruns*? The balance of the prizes, made up of "composition ivory," paintings, &c., are, with a very few exceptions, by entire strangers to the Art-world of this part of the continent. We would not disparage them, whatever they may be, as we have not seen them, but, if they are to be judged of by the prizes we have seen, and of which the greatest furor is made, we may reasonably doubt their merit. These productions, with Powers' busts of Washington and Franklin, the only wheat in the chaff, as we have scanned the lot, are the result of the committee of management's extensive scale of arrangements for the encouragement of American genius. To conclude, we hardly know how to treat the pretensions of this association, whether seriously or otherwise. To any one at all conversant with works of Art, the combination of high-sounding phrases in its catalogue, with the mediocre character of the works offered, is very ludicrous and contemptible, while, at the same time, one is compelled to bestow serious consideration upon it, because its Art pretensions impose on the ignorance of the public. We do not know how the association is organized; there is no charter or by-laws accompanying the catalogue. We do not know whether its twelve State Governors who figure as officers are elected or appointed, whether the laws of the State of Ohio tolerate raffling or lotteries. The only evidences of responsibility and character are the names of the magazines it distributes, and which anybody may purchase in quantities at the trade price, and advertise in the same way. This, we contend, is not sufficient for strangers, nor do the newspaper puffs appended to the catalogue make up the deficiency in the way of endorsement of character. The Lottery system, applied to distributing pictures, is a bad one for Art under any circumstances. If used at all,

it must be managed very discreetly in order to be tolerated; bad means applied to a good end are sometimes overlooked, so long as the end is not subverted by the means, but when the magnitude of the prize is made the attraction, instead of the *merits* of the prizes, it becomes a nuisance to the cause of Art.

It is in such a light that the Cosmopolitan Art Association is to be viewed. Its chief prizes are rubbish (with two or three exceptions), and neither "American Art," nor the "American public," derive the slightest benefit from any such "institution," if indeed it be an institution. The only great benefit reaped by the concern we suspect to be received by traders in pictures and sham bronzes. It is possible that a few meritorious artists may be dragged in to give an air of respectability to *any* such concern, for no artist can say where his pictures shall go when they leave his studio; but there is scarcely salt enough of this kind in this mess to make it keep.

#### ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE great feature of the past week here was the occurrence of Madame La Grange's benefit, which, we are rejoiced to say, was attended by a crowded audience, who testified their appreciation of this great artist by animated enthusiasm and applause. Madame La Grange will soon leave New York for South America. We would advise those of our readers who have not heard her, to do so soon. She possesses many rare excellences, which are not equalled by any other artist now upon the lyric stage.

"Il Trovatore" was given on Monday, Nov. 19th, with splendid effect. We have seen this opera many times, but never so well as upon this occasion. The Academy is now in the full tide of success, a reward most fully the due of its enterprising and liberal management. It should be remembered by the musical public that the management of the opera is in the hands of an amateur, who perils his means, not for pecuniary profit, but for the love of Art.

We call the attention of our readers to the following errata in "Extracts from the Diary of an Artist." No. 1:

Page 159—4th line of heading, for "Dec. 8th, 1836," read "Dec. 10th, 1840;" 37th line of 1st column, for "my," read "me;" 66th line of 2d column, for "Herring-boning," read "Herring-bonings;" 14th line of 3d column, omit the second "in;" 23d line of 3d column, for "the," read "a;" 26th line of 3d column, for "resolution," read "revolution." Page 160—19th line of 1st column, for "determinations," read "determination;" 52d line of 1st column, between "on" and "earth," read "the;" 73d line of 1st column, for "a," read "the;" 78th line of 1st column, for "had," read "having;" 45th line of 2d column, for "follows," read "follow." J. T.

A SUM of 500 guineas has been subscribed for a statue of the Duke of Wellington, to be erected on the new esplanade at Lowestoft.—*Athenaeum*.

#### FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

THE Directors of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham have placed one of their courts at the disposal of the Arundel Society, for a display of their publications, collection of casts from ancient ivories, and tracings from Giotto's frescoes at Padua. The public will have for the first time an opportunity of seeing in one mass what the Society has accomplished, and of estimating what it is likely to do in future. The large tracings from the Arena Chapel are interesting to the subscribers, as vouchers for the accuracy of the woodcut reductions from Giotto's frescoes in course of issue. The ivory carvings form a history of Art in themselves; but something more is required to popularize Art and to give the Society a feature. They have promised an engraving from Tintoretto's magnificent Crucifixion at Venice, and why should they not produce an elaborate engraving from Michael Angelo's only unquestionable easel picture in the Tribune at Florence—the well-known circular Holy Family, cited by Vasari, and referred to by all authors and artists as an indubitable specimen of the old Florentine's powers and peculiarities? Except in slight outline by Duppa, in Zannoni's 'Galleria di Firenze,' and in Kugler's 'Italian Painting,' this magnificent work has never been engraved. Toschi has rendered full homage to Correggio; but there still remains opportunity for an English burn to do justice and glory to Michael Angelo, where no one has hitherto dared to venture.—*Athenaeum*.

THE Royal Academy of Sciences of Belgium, at its sitting on the 1st of October last, determined the subjects for the Prize Essays in the class of Fine Arts, to be awarded in the Session of 1856. The subjects are—1. The Origin and History of Engraving in the Low Countries in the Fifteenth Century. 2. The Influence of Mutual Corporations on the State in the Pictorial Art in the Middle Ages. 3. The Style of Architecture best adapted for Barracks, Hospitals, Schools and Prisons. 4. The Cause of the excellent Preservation of the Works of Painters of certain Schools, and of the Decay of others, with an inquiry into the composition of Colors, Oils, and Varnishes. The prize for each of these subjects is a gold medal of the value of 600 francs. The essays are to be written in Latin, French, or Flemish, and to be sent in by the 1st of June, 1856.—*Athenaeum*.

THE National Gallery is again open to the public. There is no visible addition or change of arrangement in the pictures; and we still have to regret the want of some general classification, either according to schools, time, or quality. Venetian pictures monopolize the north wall of the great west room; but, on the remaining spaces, Guido, Correggio, Sebastiano del Piombo, Francia, and Tintoretto jostle one another in a very strange manner. The Francias are now glazed, and the unsatisfactory Bellini picture, of a knight adorning the Madonna and Child, is placed on a level with the eye. The great Sebastiano del Piombo has also been lowered some six inches, and appears to be less sloped than formerly. A main feature of this year's administration of the National Gallery is an authorized Catalogue of all the pictures, with dates of the birth and death of each artist, "price one penny."—*Athenaeum*.

It is proposed to erect in Manchester, in front of the Infirmary, a bronze statue of Watt, on the corresponding pedestal to the one on which the statue of Dalton has lately been placed. The same economical plan that was adopted in the case of Dalton's statue is suggested for that of Watt. As it is supposed that it would not be possible to raise the requisite sum for an original statue, it is intended that a copy be made of the statue of Watt in Westminster Abbey, the estimated cost of which would be 9000.—*Athenaeum*.

THE sale of the collection of engravings and etchings left by the late Herr Hermann Weber, of Bonn—to which at the time we drew the attention of our readers, *ante*, p. 789—has taken place, and is said to have been one of the most animated ever witnessed in Germany. A great number of dealers and *virtuosi*—Germans, English, and French—attended the sale, and the prices given were, for the most part, much higher than is usual in Germany. Many of the finest articles, especially of the Netherland etchings, have gone to France. Almost all the old German and old Italian works have remained in Germany. The second division of Herr Weber's collections will be sold next spring. It contains, among others, a work by Rembrandt, the completeness and beauty of which, it is asserted, will astonish the connoisseurs.—*Athenaeum*.

A FINE picture by Van Eyck is said to be for sale at Munich. It is described as a repetition of the Boissierie picture now in the Pinacothek, representing St. Luke painting the Virgin and Child. It contains some slight variations; but is reported to be superior in condition to the one belonging to his Bavarian Majesty.—*Athenaeum*.

A CURIOUS thing has happened at Bologna. A valuable picture of the Virgin and Child, by Guido, has been stolen from under the image on the side altar of the Church of San Bartholomeo. The Papal Government advertise by means of a photograph, and the city is all in a stir.—*Athenaeum*.

VALUE OF POETS, ARTISTS AND THINKERS.—"It is a blessing for a people to have among them great men, especially *thinkers, poets, and artists*, who enlarge the scope of thought, gratify and cultivate higher taste, and stimulate to generous efforts by a glorious example. It is a happiness to have something of our own to *admire and reverse*, something to inspire us with noble and disinterested emotion. A nation without intellectual guides and superiors, composed of mere workers in physical things for physical good—a people given up to ignorance, selfishness, and sensuality, with none among them to point the way to loftier objects—were a sorry sight. *Foreign supply of thought is not enough*. It is the home manufacture which rouses effort, and gives animation to industry. We cannot have that healthful influence of work unless we work. The sweat of labor is wholesome, and honor is with those who fight the battle, not with those who idly enjoy the fruits of victory. Our race has added many names to the company of gifted spirits who have taught and delighted mankind, and doubtless, in these vast fields of promise to which it has been transplanted, the descendants of those among whom Shakespeare and Bacon lived and moved will prove their nobility of birth. Amid the dead materialism, the narrow-minded and ignoble devotion to coarse utility and commonplace and barren thought and talk, and moral depravity of the day, indications are not wanting of a better and brighter future. A national literature is springing up in the track of our prosperous industry, as the crowning harvest rises after the plough and the manure-cart—as the tasteful villa succeeds the log-cabin of the forest farmer. Men of genius are appearing among us—poets and philosophers are slowly winning the ear of our own people, and who command the admiration of the best audiences of Europe. *Let us cherish them; for they are needed. They make the country healthy and habitable*.—They will do more for us in all true progress than farmers and engineers, than business men, than politicians and attorneys at law. They will yield nobler profits than railroads and telegraphs, and weave finer fabrics than the Lowell factories can turn out.